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harmlessness of York in Pennsylvania; the balls and the good taste of West Point; the quaint boldness of the people in the Kentuckian resorts; the practical character of Yellow Springs, Ohio, and all other public summer residences, in whatever part of the Union they may be, all will more or less present characteristics of growth and development kindred to those which mark all other manifestations of American life.

Nor can Europe, however great the privileges of her favorite springs, match the refining influences which the lady element vouchsafes to the American summer resort. More is done here for the cultivation of the sense of the beautiful in one day than by schools of art in years. The fastidiousness of taste of our American masses is in a great measure owing to the influence of woman. Woman, the truest exponent of beauty, so inaccessible in Europe, is much more accessible to the public eye here, and nowhere to better advantage than in the summer resorts. The merest clod cannot walk up and down the halls of Saratoga and Newport without catching some reflex of the beauty which emanates from a galaxy of nature's loveliest creations. It is this trusting, guileless attitude of American girlhood and American womanhood, which makes even the most unpretending summer resort here appear more poetical, more in the highest sense human, than the most dazzling Spa of Europe. The millions of high-souled women of England, Germany, France, and Italy, are, with but a few exceptions, rarely seen beyond their immediate circles. But not so here. Many even who would prefer to be less subjected to the public gaze, are compelled to visit public resorts by force of habit, or of circumstances. The ladies form the magnet in American summer resorts; the presence of a woman who wears the stamp of honor upon her brow, and the fascination of feminine grace in her manner, purifies and electrifies the whole social atmosphere, and the refining influences thus produced linger abidingly and beneficently in the hearts and minds of men long after all the obnoxious impressions of the locality have been obliterated. Private summer residences may hereafter develop a less restless, a less reckless, a wiser and a higher condition of civilization, but in the present state of our society public resorts will for some time to come remain indispensable, and as long as they remain so, the female element will be recognized as the great redeeming feature of our great American summer-regira.

I ASK the mountain, why art thou suddenly so dark? And the mountain answers, Ask the passing cloud that shadows me. Why, oh most beautiful ocean! art thou so changeful? And the sea answers, Ask the sky above that showers down, now radiance, now this gloom. Why, oh thou eternal sky! dost thou wrap thyself in clouds? And the sky answers, Ask the valleys of the earth; they breathe this sadness up to me; it is not mine.

Nothing stands circumscribed within itself. There is no self that is not half another's. Or say that every individuality is but the power of the whole manifesting itself thus and thus.—*Thorndale.*

ESSAY ON THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

Translated for THE CRAYON from the French of LOUIS RATISBONNE.

M. Droz himself has had the pleasure of preparing the seventh edition of his *Essay upon the Art of being Happy*; but he did not live to complete it. This edition has lately been issued, preceded by a notice, which is a eulogy, a crown artistically woven by the academical hand of M. Mignet, and placed upon the venerated tomb of the author. A work breathing, as it were, a last sigh of the philosophy of Condillac, cannot be expected to attain its former success; in his time the public mind was still occupied with moral and philosophical questions, which now seem to have been all solved, since they have no longer any interest. It is true that the *Essay upon the Art of being Happy* does not solve the question of happiness; it is simply a small treatise on moral hygiene, clothed with the most attractive title: that is all.

We must have a very strong mind not to be carried away by a book so alluring, and which promises to show us the road to happiness. We do not believe in witchcraft, and yet, if any one proposes to tell us our fortune, we give him our hand, and our heart quickens with emotion in view of the unknown future! So it is with happiness; the credulous, the incredulous, and even the unsophisticated, lend a willing ear to every tongue which speaks of it, and are ready to extend the hand to whoever promises it to them, so desirous are we to be happy! But the question is, can the art of being happy be taught or acquired? According to M. Droz it would be wrong to doubt it. "Amongst us," says he, "we reflect so little on the art of being happy, that one would be astonished to hear it said that the art of being happy could be compared to all the other arts. There is, however, no truth more simple. Like all the other arts, to succeed perfectly in this one, it is necessary that the dispositions and circumstances should be favorable to it, and that its laws should be attentively studied."

Thus, already, from the confessions of the master, in order to profit by his instructions, two conditions are indispensable—natural disposition and favorable circumstances; conditions, alas! entirely beyond our control. If the taste for happiness is not sufficient of itself, if it also requires a special talent, and, added to this, favorable circumstances, then the art does not address itself to all, but only to those who are happy. What can it teach the latter? Does it not resemble those treatises on versification, which teach poets less than they know, and scarcely convey to others the poetry which they do not know? But let us see what is this innocent rhyming about happiness. And before we criticise the doctrine of Droz, let us try to sum it up without detracting from it.

We cannot realize all our desires in this world. Wisdom consists in restraining them, and in attaching ourselves to essential things; such as tranquillity of soul, independence, health, freedom, and the friendship of some of our fel-

low-creatures; these are the essentials. In order to obtain tranquillity of soul, we must guard ourselves from every ambitious desire, and without being pre-occupied with the opinions of men, follow the by-paths of Thought. Even in our retreat, where envy comes not to trouble us, we will not be free from all sorrows, but if we have been prudent enough to look out for them, and have somewhat moderated our expectations, we will have less to suffer. Only let us take care that this prudence does not degenerate into unnecessary apprehension. The nature of our perils, the uncertainty of our destiny, are intended rather to cheer than to sadden the moment given us for enjoyment. Alarm is only excusable when we are threatened with imminent danger; then let us be anxious but only to enable us to struggle against it and to ward it off; and if we cannot succeed, if the danger is greater than our greatest effort, let us resign ourselves like the savage, who, rowing with all his strength against the raging sea, and finding his efforts useless, lays himself down to sleep in his boat, soon to be swallowed up by the waves. Our health is as dependent on us, as the tranquillity of our soul. It is the excess of pleasure, it is the passions which often consume us; then, away with unregulated pleasures and passions! cherish only those sweet emotions which sustain life, and produce in us the effect of a gentle breath upon a flame. We cannot, undoubtedly, escape sickness, but we can shorten it by our energy, and oftentimes postpone death by a strong desire to live. Competency in life is sufficient for happiness; if fate has given it to us, let us cling to it; if not, labor can supply us with it. But let us not step beyond this in our desires; let us not be dazzled by the splendor of wealth, and if perchance in our dreams we should innocently crave it let it be in thinking of the good which it gives us an opportunity of doing. The esteem and affection of our fellow-creatures are a necessity of our nature. These we can acquire by our fidelity, by our indulgence, by our desire to oblige and serve them, by our modesty, by our discretion and by a sweet and constant uniformity of temper. The justice and the affection of men are not always the reward of our efforts. But then there is, apart from the world, another universe which one has to create for himself, and to which one resorts as a place of refuge: it is the family—the domestic hearth. Let us look for a wife with simple tastes, with a pure heart, one to love us, and so rear our children, that we may see ourselves live over again in them. Let us have some friends, or one whose intercourse is pleasing to us, and who soothes our troubles in sharing them, who speaks to us of our faults without wounding us, and who excuses them to the world. If we are deceived in our affections, if our friend forsakes us, if the wife should become unworthy of our love, let us not add to our mortification the burden of hatred; let us forgive her, in remembering the many days that have been sweetened for us. Let us not exclude pleasure from our existence. Let us not shut out the pleasures which depend upon the senses, but partake of them with moderation, in order that they may not be weakened, that the

soul especially may share in them to heighten and prolong them. Let us cultivate particularly the pleasures of the heart; they are the sweetest of all. We are not happy if we do not sow the seeds of happiness around us: it is a perfume which needs to be shed, in order to be enjoyed. Let us drive away *ennui* by cultivating the mind, by conversing with the learned of every age; let us exalt our soul in the midst of *chef's d'œuvre*, let us embellish the reality by flattering illusions, by the pensiveness of captivating reveries. Finally, and above all, let us put faith in Divine Providence. Let us submit to it as an infant to its mother. Religious hopes are the complement of the philosophy of happiness. At times the idea of death startles us, let us rob it of all the fear with which our imagination and our weakness surround it. Death is in itself but an instant which we cannot measure, which is not yet, or which is no more; an unknown limit, which should render our desires more sacred, our affections more tender, and our enjoyments more vivid.

Such is substantially the book of M. Droz. He is, as will be seen, a philosopher, half epicurean and half spiritualist. He dips discreetly into the cup of Ariadne and of Horace, his lips saturated with the honey and the wisdom of Plato. We can conceive of an austere and sounder morality; there is none, I think, more familiar, more moderate, more gentle. The developments which he adds to his counsels give them a real charm. They are as if they were the overflowings of a quiet conscience and of a pure heart. It is not a rhetorician, but an honest man, who speaks. His soul is revealed even in his style, which is simple, full of abandonment, and without negligence, and it seems as though his tranquil life was wholly reflected as in a glass in the lucid pages of his book.

But what an incomplete theory of happiness, and how many objections can be made to it. This detachment from all ambition, this systematic mediocrity, this blood-warm temperature of the soul, which is always in dread of too much emotion, this perfect calm, this resignation—is this happiness? This art of being happy, does it not somewhat resemble the art of keeping quiet? In the last years of his life, M. Droz said, in speaking of his essay on the art of being happy, "This book is not a vehicle of true morality." But would faith have added to his theory of being happy that which it was deficient in? Would it have sufficed to kill the worm of discontent which was eating up pleasures less intense? It is not even so easy as M. Droz thought to attain by humility to that ideal of mediocre beatitude.

Moreover, it is not a theory which he has given us; it is an example. What is the use of criticism? The essay on the art of being happy is the holy and chimerical enterprise of a good man. He had no doubt become carried away with this melancholy axiom of Doctor Eli de la Poterie, that three quarters of mankind die of grief, and has undertaken to deliver them from the curse, and make them happy by showing them how he succeeded in becoming so himself. One of his maxims was, that the best

books are those which most resemble good actions ; his little manual on happiness was intentionally the best of all books. The great error of this amiable philosopher was to seek to make *a priori* a theory of happiness, as if the question of happiness could be solved separately, without answering the other one which rules it, and on which it depends, namely, what is the end of man ? What is the destiny which he is called upon to fulfill ? What is the law of his being ? for if it be not happiness, why look for it ? and if it is happiness, how is it known to us otherwise ? The ancients looked for the sovereign good ; happiness was not the direct object of their speculations ; it was only implicitly involved in that famous controversy which contained, according to Varron, two hundred and eighty-eight solutions. The philosophy of Epicurus was the only one which made the sovereign good and happiness identical, and this happiness bore a strong resemblance to that recommended by M. Droz ; it consisted in living a life of calm and repose, in satisfying moderate desires, in avoiding danger and grief, in partaking of pleasure as a preservative against, or a remedy for, suffering, and especially in the enjoyment of an abode within a temple of childlike wisdom, raised above life, as if on the borders of a sea lashed by the storms. According to the philosophy of Plato, the sovereign good is divine beauty, supreme truth ; man's happiness is merged in these, in seeking in the world the reflection of this beauty and of that eternal truth, and in trying to attain to them with zeal and love. In the philosophy of Zeno, happiness is entirely excluded from the question of the sovereign good ; he does not allude to it. And what would it serve ? Pleasure and grief are non-existent in his doctrine ; one may escape both by summoning up courage and liberty, and while awaiting the death which is to terminate all things, one may liberate himself from his destiny by a voluntary submission, or rather by a willful and sovereign indifference. The sovereign good is the reason. According to St. Augustine, the Christian philosopher, the supreme good is ideal beauty, is the infinite truth spoken of by Plato, but beauty and truth in God, incarnated in Jesus Christ. The perishing world is an impure reflection of them ; it is through God only that they can be loved ; happiness consists in contemplating them in him, without the intermedium of the world, without the aid of reason, by means of grace alone.

In these four systems are summed up all those enumerated by Varron in his time, and those which came after him. But now, in which of these can we find a solution of our question of happiness ? Where is truth to be found ? Is it in the idealism of Plato, in the materialism of Epicurus, in the rationalism of Zeno, or in the mysticism of Saint Augustine ? All these philosophers are at the same time right and wrong ; they all reflect a corner of the human soul, and respond partially to its wants. True philosophy is that which unites them all, and completes the one by the other ; it is a synthesis which is presented of itself. The well-being of each creature is in the fulfilling of the end for

which it was created, and which is the result of its nature. The well-being of the plant is to increase and to vegetate by imbibing the sun and the dew ; of the animal, it is to trudge along and feed itself, without conscience, without reflection. Now, the nature of man reveals also the secret of his destiny, and consequently of his well-being. He is not an angel, as Pascal says ; neither is he simply a body, but has a soul also. Can it be doubted that the well-being of this creature, endowed at once with sensibility, with activity, with intelligence, is not in the development and in the expansion of all these faculties ? Since he is sensitive, since he is active, since he is intelligent, he must necessarily love, necessarily exert himself, necessarily seek for truth. His supreme well-being would consist in the complete satisfaction of all these forces of his soul ; but they are infinite, and cannot be satisfied upon earth. Portions of the truth cannot quench man's thirst for the whole truth ; beings who change and die cannot satisfy this insatiable faculty of love which overflows his heart. Besides, the end, the supreme well-being of the human creature, is not accomplished in this world. Its impossibility of attaining this point here below is the source of its immortal hopes.

But it is only at the price of innumerable sufferings and sacrifices that man perfects himself in view of this supreme well-being, and realizes a relative well-being in the midst of terrible shocks, and a thousand obstacles. Then where is happiness ? you will ask. Where is it ? There is in this world a path which leads to it ; that path is the same as that which leads to well-being ; but whither do we tend ? The end of our journey and of our wishes is placed beyond this world. The earth, we must grant, is not the valley of beatitude, it is the field of combat. Besides, the joys of victory and the crown of happiness are at the expense of our blood and of our tears. We were strong, and we have suffered. The equilibrium spoken of by moralists between virtue and happiness we have found to be disturbed here below, perhaps because our virtue was not sufficiently strong, but the equilibrium may be reestablished elsewhere. And doubtless when detached from the body and from the earth, the infinite powers of the soul will take a new flight. Alas ! life has deceived us, says Socrates ; let us put our faith in death ! But to return to the book of M. Droz—let us not trust to his theory of happiness. Let us limit our ambition and our desires : he is right. Let us not limit our faculties and our aspirations. Let us love, let us feel, let us know, let us act, let us suffer, and in order to be happy too soon, let us take care lest we stifle in our soul the germ itself of happiness.

In some persons we may observe a profusion of feeling, which, if left to its own operation, will expend itself on a multiplicity of trivial or vexatious objects. The remedy is to have some elevated pursuit or passion which shall absorb the feelings. Excess of sensibility will not then waste itself on trifles, and concentration of feeling on a specific object may tend to facilitate its attainment.—*Chloro.*